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DEVOTIONS, 4
Indulgences, and Rules, &c.
FOR THE SACRED
Scapular of the Passion.



"O, all ye that pass by the way attend, and weep if
there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." — *Lam. 1. 12.*

RICHARDSON & SON, 4, CAVEL-STREET.





TO

THE CLERGYMEN OF THE IRISH BRANCH

OF

"The Congregation of the Mission."

IN FOND REMEMBRANCE OF THE MANY HAPPY

DAYS SPENT IN THEIR SEMINARY,

ST. VINCENT'S, CASTLEKNOCK

THIS LITTLE WORK IS, WITH THE GREATEST

ESTEEM AND GRATITUDE,

INSCRIBED

BY THEIR VERY SINCERE FRIEND,

THOMAS GRIMLEY

*Ballyegan,
Past of the Rectory
Our Lord 1845*



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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

OUR DIVINE REDEEMER, not content with testifying the excess of his love for us, in suffering the most excruciating tortures, has exhibited in every age his solicitude for his creatures in raising up societies in his Church to increase the faith, to animate the hope, and inflame the charity of the faithful. How truly has St. Chrysostom expressed, "What was sufficient for salvation was not sufficient for love." When we contemplate how admirably calculated this new devotion is to enkindle in our souls that divine fire which burns constantly in our Saviour's heart, can we refrain from exclaiming with the apostle, "Oh, the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! how incomprehensible are his judgments and how unsearchable his ways." We can have no doubt that particular blessings are conferred on those who wear this Scapular. Its very colour, the instruments of the passion, and the representation of the crucifixion, strikingly remind us of the divine

blood that was shed for us, and the intensity of that love which urged Him to suffer so much for our salvation. But let us not be misunderstood. The peculiar mode of honouring the Passion of Christ, as set forth in this little treatise is new, but daily meditation on our Lord's sufferings is as old as Christianity. The Passion of the Redeemer seems to have been ever present to the mind of St. Paul: "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified to me and I to the world." And again: "I judged not myself to know anything among you but Jesus Christ and him crucified." Was not this vessel of election nailed as it were to the cross with Jesus? Did he not bear in his members the impression of his wounds? In effect, is not the Passion of Christ that mysterious book which the Eternal Father presents to us, that we may there read something of the greatness of his love, and of his hatred for our transgressions? In this book the wisest may obtain new light, and the most advanced in a spiritual life may find new paths that lead to

perfection: those who think themselves strong here discover their weakness, and the weak are animated with new courage and strength. In this divine book the most simple may learn wisdom, and those ignorant of all human sciences may, in the science of salvation, equal those endowed with the most brilliant abilities. If we daily meditate from the book of the Passion, our hearts will become glowing furnaces of love, repositories of Heaven's choicest gifts. This truth we find exemplified in the lives of the saints, who were all devoted to the Passion of Christ. Let us read attentively a few of their sentiments, and we will easily conceive how they appreciated frequent meditation on the Sacred Passion. The great St. Augustine assures us, that "nothing is so profitable as daily to think how much Jesus has suffered for us—he who is both God and man." The same saint also informs us, that in all his tribulations, he found no remedy so efficacious as that which is derived from the wounds of Jesus Christ. "*In omnibus non inveni tam efficax remedium quam vulnera Christi.*" Let us assure ourselves

that if we adopt the same means the saints did, we will experience the same happy results. St. Bonaventure but re-echoes the language of St. Augustine: "If you desire to advance from virtue to virtue, from grace to grace, meditate daily on the Passion of our Lord; nothing produces such a universal sanctification in the soul as meditation on the Passion of Christ." St. Francis of Assisium appeared to be unable to think of anything but the Passion of Jesus Christ: and reflecting on it, he continually shed tears, so that by his constant weeping, he became nearly blind. Being found one day lamenting at the foot of the crucifix, and being asked the cause of his tears, he replied, "I weep over the sorrows and ignominies of my Lord; and what makes me weep still more is, that the men for whom he has suffered so much, live in forgetfulness of him." The frequent meditation on his Passion, says St. Liguori, is very pleasing to our Redeemer; but the neglect of it greatly provokes his displeasure. Oh! how great will be the consolation which we shall receive in our last moments from the sorrows

and death of Jesus Christ, if during life we shall have frequently meditated on them. Let us not wait till others, at the hour of death, place in our hands the crucifix; let us not wait till they remind us of all that Jesus Christ suffered for us. Let us, during life, embrace Jesus Christ crucified; let us keep ourselves always united to him that we may live and die with him." Seeing then that the saints were all devoted to the frequent contemplation of the sufferings of our loving Jesus, let us follow their example. Let us now resolve daily to visit Calvary's bloody Mount; let us stand by the cross of Jesus; let us view his expanded arms; let us embrace his drooping neck; let us kiss his open side; let us bathe with our tears his gaping wounds, and they will speak to our hearts a language which seraph tongues could not articulate. They will declare to us the love of our divine Lord for our immortal souls. They will tell us of the share we have had in causing his ignominious death. Yes, every drop of blood that has fallen on the earth beneath the cross, will remind us of our manifold

sins. Still beside the cross, let us view our by-gone days, and we will easily see the deep ingratitude that has marked them. Let us look to the future, and we will see the necessity of the perfect sacrifice that is demanded of us. Then, with a heart overflowing with sorrow for our base ingratitude, in offending our good God, with tearful eye, and faltering voice, we will thus address our loving Jesus :

For us sin shall be no more ; one thought alone shall occupy our minds, one feeling alone shall actuate our hearts, one principle alone shall direct our actions—perfect conformity in all things with thy Divine will. From this instant we abandon the pleasures of the flesh, the vanities and maxims of the world, we immolate everything that is most dear to us, even life itself, on the altar of that cross from which Thou dost hang a lifeless corpse. Living and dying, oh ! let us be thine, and only thine, like thy servant Paul, knowing thee, and loving thee alone. And when the hour of our dissolution shall arrive when all human consolations will not avail, when our dearest will depart un-

able to witness the last pangs of expiring nature. O! then, let a ray of thy mercy beam on our affrighted souls! And thou, Immaculate Mother, help of Christians! take us under thy special protection. Oh! pray for us now, and at the hour of our death. Comfort us, strengthen us; that dying with our loving Redeemer to everything in this transitory world, we may rise to participate in endless felicity. Amen.

ORIGIN OF THIS DEVOTION.

It is a fact which cannot be questioned, that when the Almighty wished to accomplish great designs he always made use of the most humble instruments. The same divine course we see pursued in the establishment of this devotion. On the 26th of July, 1846, whilst Sister W——, a member of the community of the Sisters of Charity, was in the chapel, pouring forth her pious aspirations before her Divine Lord, she felt convinced that our Saviour appeared to her in a vision. He seemed to hold in his right hand a scarlet scapular, suspended by two woollen strings of the same colour. Upon one side

of the scapular our Saviour was represented hanging upon the cross; beneath the cross were the instruments of his most sorrowful Passion: the scourge, hammer, spear, the pillar at which he was scourged, the vessel containing the most bitter draught, and the robe which had covered his bleeding body! Round the crucifix were inscribed these words, "Sacred Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ save us!" At the other end of the strings was a piece of the same material, on which were represented his Sacred Heart, and that of his Holy Mother. A cross placed between the two, appeared to emerge from both hearts, and encircling them were the words "Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary protect us." The same Sister, who feels the most tender devotion to the Sacred Passion, in making these particulars known to the Superior-General of the Priests of the Mission and of the Sisters of Charity, added further, that our Divine Lord seemed to exhibit his most anxious desire to see this new Scapular immediately copied, and similar ones everywhere distributed, that

men should have ever before their eyes his most bitter sufferings, endured for their sakes. The apparition of our Saviour, holding in his hand the Scapular of his Passion was frequently repeated. On the festival of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, 1846, it took place, attended by this additional circumstance, that Sister W—— thought she heard our Lord addressing her in these consoling words: "Everyone who wears this Scapular shall receive every Friday a great increase of faith, hope, and charity." The Superior-General at first took little notice of these communications; but being at Rome in the month of June, 1847, he thought it his duty to lay the particulars before Christ's Vicar, and, to his astonishment, the holy Pontiff, Pius IX. exhibited no doubt of their reality. He seemed delighted at seeing a new means brought forward to assist in promoting the salvation of souls. In accordance with the representation made to him, he published a rescript dated the 25th of June, 1847, authorising all the priests of the congregation of the Mission, called that of St. Lazarus, to bless and distribute

the Scapular of the Passion. In the same rescript his Holiness grants the following

INDULGENCES:

1stly. Every Friday an Indulgence of seven years, and seven forty days to all persons who, wearing this Scapular, shall approach, with the proper dispositions, to the sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist, and recite five times the Our Father, Hail Mary, and Glory be to the Father, in honour of the Passion of our Lord.

2ndly. An Indulgence of three years, and three forty days, on whatever day of the year, with humble and contrite hearts, they should meditate for half-an-hour on the Sacred Passion.

3rdly. An Indulgence of two hundred days for kissing with compunction the Scapular, at the same time repeating the versicle, "*Te ergo quasumus famulis tuis subveni quos pretioso sanguine redemisti.*" "We beseech thee, O blessed Jesus! to save thy servants, whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood."

By another rescript, dated the 21st of March, 1848, the Holy Father further granted:

1stly. A Plenary Indulgence every Friday to all the members of the society of the Scapular of the Passion, who being truly penitent, and having confessed and communicated, shall during some time meditate devoutly upon the Passion of our Lord, and shall pray for peace among Christian States for the extirpation of Heresy and for the exaltation of our holy Mother the Church.

2ndly. The Superior-General of the Congregation of the Mission has received the power to delegate to every priest, whether regular or secular, the faculty to bless and distribute to the faithful the above-mentioned Scapular.

RITUS

Benedicendi et imponendi Scapulare rubrum Passionis sacratissimique Cordis Domini nostri Jesu Christi, necnon et Cordis amantissimi ac compatientis beatæ Mariæ Virginis Immaculatæ.

Genuflexo qui suscepturus est Scapulare, Sacerdos superpelliceo et stolâ rubrâ indutus, capite detecto, dicat :

V. Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini,

R. Qui fecit cælum et terram.

V. Dominus vobiscum,
R. Et cum spiritu tuo

Oremus.

Domine Jesu Christe, qui tegimen
nostræ mortalitatis induere dignatus,
temetipsum exinanivisti, formam servi
accipiens, et factus obediens usque ad
mortem Crucis, tuæ largitatis elemen-
tiam humiliter imploramus, ut hoc genus
vestimenti, quod in honorem et memo-
riam dolorosissimæ Passionis tuæ tuique
sacratissimi Cordis, necnon et Cordis
amantissimi ac compatiæntis Immacu-
latæ Matris tuæ institutum fuit, atque
ut illo induti hæc mysteria devotiùs re-
colant, benedicere ✠ digneris, ut hic fa-
mulus tuus qui (*vel* hæc famula tua
quæ) ipsum gestaverit, te quoque, per
tua merita et intercessionem beatissimæ
Virginis Mariæ, induere mereatur; Qui
vivis et regnas in secula seculorum.—
Amen.

*Hic Sacerdos S. Scapulare aqua benedictâ asper-
git, et illud imponit, dicens :*

Accipe, carissime frater (*vel* carissima
soror), hunc habitum benedictum, ut
veterem hominem exutus (*vel* exuta)
novumque indutus (*vel* induta) ipsum

digne perferas, et ad vitam pervenias
sempiternam; Per Christum Dominum
nostrum. R.—Amen.

Deinde subjungit:


Et ego, ex facultate mihi concessâ,
recipio te (*vel* vos) ad participationem
omnium bonorum spiritualium quæ per
Sanctæ Sedis Apostolicæ privilegium
huic sancto Scapulari, in gratiam Con-
gregationis Missionis, concessa sunt.
In nomine ✠ Patris, et Filii, et Spiri-
tûs sancti.—Amen.

Denique dicatur triâ vice versiculus sequens:

Te ergo quæsumus, tuis famulis sub-
veni, quos pretioso sanguine redemisti!

N.B. Let the Priest take a list of the Chris-
tian and surnames of the persons invested with
this Scapular, and send such list, at least annu-
ally, to the Secretary of the Congregation of the
Mission, 95, Rue de Sevres, Paris.

Any Clergyman can get permission to invest
with this Scapular, by applying to the Superior-
General, who resides at the above address.

 The Scapular must be made of red cloth,
with worsted strings of the same colour; when
worn out it may be replaced by another, with-
out any ceremony or blessing.

TO THE READER

Those invested with this Scapular are recommended to meditate daily, for a few minutes, on that one of the following Meditations corresponding with the day of the month, and, before doing so, to say the following prayer:

“Open, O Lord, my mouth to bless thy holy name, cleanse my heart from all vain and distracting thoughts, enlighten my understanding, incline my will, that I may worthily perform this holy exercise with attention and devotion, and may deserve to be heard in the presence of thy divine Majesty, who with the father and the Holy Ghost, livest and reignest, one God, world without end—Amen.”

Meditations

ON THE

PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST,
FOR EVERY DAY IN THE MONTH.

"Then Jesus came with them into a country-place, which is called Gethsemani."—MATT.
xxvi. 36.

REFLECTION.—Our divine Lord, after bequeathing to us the rich legacy of his own most precious body and blood, retired with his disciples to the garden of Gethsemani. As he passed along, behold the feelings which actuate his heart, the thoughts which rush upon his mind; the dark cloud of his passion had already gathered, and was ready to burst upon him. He foresaw that he would be abandoned by the friends of his heart—denied by one, betrayed by another, forsaken by all.

PRAYER.—Ah, my divine Jesus, it was my sins that oppressed your sacred heart on your journey to Gethsemani. I sincerely grieve that I have had the misfortune to have offended you. O give me grace that for the future I may be yours, and only yours, abiding in you, and you in me. Amen.

SECOND DAY.

"Then he saith to them, My soul is sorrowful even unto death."—MATT. xxvi. 38.

REFLECTION.—Behold, my soul, your divine Jesus alone, in the darkness of the night, overwhelmed with grief—not from the pain he endured, but at your ingratitude. The sole view of your crimes affected him with such excessive sadness, that it would have terminated his mortal existence had he not voluntarily reserved himself to suffer still more on the cross. Learn, then, what sin must be to have caused such painful sensations in the adorable heart of your Jesus.

PRAYER.—O, my adorable Saviour, infuse into my soul heartfelt sorrow for the innumerable insults I have offered to you. Ah! I am fully convinced that my innumerable offences were present to your divine mind in Gethsemani's garden; they, alas! were the sword of sorrow that pierced your sacred heart and afflicted your divine soul even unto death. How shall I express to you the anguish I feel, when I recollect that I was the cause of all your sorrows, of all your afflictions! Ah! transpierce my obdurate heart with the most poignant grief for my many sins. Give me grace to bewail them for the remainder of my life, that, loving you alone for the future, I may merit to hear yet from thy divine lips those consoling words: "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Amen.

THIRD DAY.

- *And going a little further, he fell upon his face, praying and saying. My Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from me. Nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.*—
MATT. XXVI. 39.

REFLECTION.—Contemplate your divine Jesus falling prostrate on the cold, rough earth, his eyes streaming with tears, the bloody sweat gushing out from every pore of his body. Behold him shivering, agonizing, writhing, gasping, and convulsed; forgotten, abandoned by all—his enemies, conducted by one of his own disciples, approaching the spot where he was, to apprehend him. Where are now his chosen friends who accompanied him in the days of his glory, when he astonished the multitude by his miracles? See now, my soul, what your Jesus has suffered for you, and your obligations to love him.

PRAYER.—Ah! my divine Jesus, pardon me a most miserable sinner. Alas! alas! I am well convinced that the very sight of my crimes forced tears of blood from thy adorable eyes. Give me thy grace, and I shall never more offend thee. Amen.

FOURTH DAY.

"And he cometh to his disciples; and findeth them asleep, and he saith to Peter: What? Could you not watch one hour with me?"—
 MATT. XXVI. 40.

REFLECTION.—Contemplate, my soul, your loving Jesus, having returned to his disciples. What anguish must have seized his soul? Is there no one to pity him, no one to sympathise with him? He sees his chosen, his beloved, the companions of the days of his glory, carelessly asleep. Now, alas! he is deserted by all, even by his own Eternal Father. Truly, now was the prophecy fulfilled: "And I looked for one that would grieve together with me, but there was none, and for one that would comfort me, and I found none."—
 Ps. lxxviii. 23.

PRAYER.—Alas! my God, I am overwhelmed with grief at the recollection of my manifold transgressions. From the first moment that reason dawned upon me to the present I see carelessness and negligence commingled with my spiritual exercises. Ah! give me grace to commence from this moment to love you. Amen.

FIFTH DAY.

"As he yet spoke, behold Judas one of the twelve came, and with him a great multitude."

—MATT. XXVI. 47.

REFLECTION.—See, my soul, that vast multitude approaching the spot where Jesus stood. Whence is that armed band? What brings them at such a time, and who conducts them? An hour ago he was in the supper-room with the other disciples; with them he eat the bread of angels, and drank the chalice of benediction from the hands of the Lord. Behold his business; he steps forward, and flings his arms around the neck of Jesus. Ah! Judas, Judas, dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss? Could none but you, thou favoured exalted creature, be found to inflict the deadly blow?

PRAYER.—Oh! dear Jesus, never suffer me to be a slave to my passions; give me grace to overcome and resist them. Infuse especially into my heart a dread of the vice of avarice. Help me, O my good Lord, to withstand its attacks, and rather let me die than shamefully betray thee for any worldly interest. Amen.

SIXTH DAY.

"But they holding Jesus led him to Caiphas."—
MATT. XXVI. 57.

REFLECTION.—Contemplate the pangs that must have rent your Redeemer's heart at the treachery and ingratitude of Judas. After the many marks of excessive love, after selecting him to be one of his chosen friends; after nourishing him with his own most adorable body and blood, he beholds him coming forward and delivering him into the hands of his most persecuting enemies. But the hour and power of darkness had now arrived: Jesus was immediately seized by the furious rabble who came to apprehend him; they bind his hands and his body with manacles, and they drag him along amid screams and terrific imprecations to the palace of the high-priest.

PRAYER.—Ah, my divine Jesus, it was my sins which bound your sacred body; my sins were the infuriate multitude which seized your sacred person; but do thou, O God of mercy, bind my heart so strongly with the chains of thy love that nothing for the future may separate me from thee. Amen.

SEVENTH DAY.

" *And the chief priests and the whole council sought false witness against Jesus, that they might put him to death.*"—MATT. xxvi. 59.

REFLECTION.—Behold Caiphas seated on his tribunal, and your innocent Jesus standing as a culprit before him. He is charged by false witnesses with blasphemy and sedition, and, when asked by his judge, he replies with meekness, and appeals to the testimony of those who were witnesses of his public preaching. Whilst thus replying, one of the attendants raised his arm and struck the meek and innocent Jesus. Behold the God of glory, the Creator of all things, standing as a criminal before a worm of the earth, whom, by a single act of his will, he could annihilate.

PRAYER.—O my dear Jesus! if the tongue of calumny should ever strive to blacken my reputation, grant me the grace, after thy divine example, to answer with mildness and patience.
Amen

EIGHTH DAY.

"Then did they spit in his face, and buffeted him, and others struck his face with the palms of their hands."—MATT. xxvi. 67.

REFLECTION.—Oh that night in the hall of Caiphas! All the injuries and insults he then suffered will not be known, says St. Jerome, until the day of judgment. One comes up to him, and strikes him on the face, another spits on that countenance on which the angels love to look, another pulls the hair from his head. At one time he is blindfolded and laughed at by all. Then they fling him from hand to hand, and prostrate him on the floor. And he is saluted with reproaches, and treated as one stricken by God, as a worm, and no man.

PRAYER.—Ah! my divine Saviour, I behold in the Jews my innumerable crimes, the cause of all the insults offered to you in the hall of Caiphas. Ah! look on me with compassion, I will never more offend thee. Look on me in my poverty and tribulations, and bestow on me the grace to endure all, in order to atone for my innumerable offences. Amen.

NINTH DAY.

"And again he denied with an oath; That I know not the man."—MATT. XXVI. 72.

REFLECTION.—What sentiments of sorrow must have filled the heart of Jesus, when he witnessed Peter's denial, Peter, so far exalted above the rest! Peter, to whom the keys of the kingdom of heaven were promised! Peter, the rock on which the Church was to be erected! Peter, the prince of the apostolic college, and chief pastor of the entire flock—even he thrice denies him, and swears that he does not know him. Behold the loving heart of your divine Lord, instead of being indignant, instead of annihilating Peter for his unfaithfulness, he casts on him a loving glance of mercy which so afflicted his soul that to his very last breath his cheeks were furrowed with a continual stream of tears.

PRAYER.—O my dear Lord! how often have I denied thee! How often did I prefer to thee some vile pleasure! but O God of infinite goodness, cast a glance of mercy on me, as you did on Peter, and I also shall weep bitterly.

TENTH DAY.

"And they brought him bound, and delivered him to Pontius Pilate, the governor."—MATT. xxvii. 2.

REFLECTION.—After passing through a night of woe, such as human wretchedness had never felt, and human misery never wept over, after drinking deeply of the chalice of bitterness, our Divine Jesus was conducted before Pontius Pilate. Behold the lamentable condition to which your sins have reduced your amiable Jesus, who stands as a culprit before a weak, vacillating judge, who, although conscious of his innocence, yet had not the courage to acquit him, and proclaim to the world the perfidy and malice of the ungrateful Jews. Behold then the God of Majesty despised and ridiculed, standing before the Roman governor.

PRAYER.—O my God! grant me grace, that when persecuted by my enemies, I may bear every insult and affliction with patience and resignation. Grant me grace to call continually on you for aid in combatting the world, the flesh and the devil. Amen.

ELEVENTH DAY.

"And when he understood that he was of Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him away to Herod."—LUKE xxiii. 7.

REFLECTION.—Behold your loving Jesus led from one judge to another. He suffers all with resignation, fulfilling the prophecy of Isaias, *"He shall be led like a sheep to the slaughter."* Herod, who had heard much of the wonderful works of our Saviour, was rejoiced at the opportunity presented of witnessing the effects of his power. Herod wished to know Jesus; but only with a vain curiosity.

PRAYER.—Ah! my divine Jesus, may I know thee as I ought; may I know thee as that divine fountain-spring whence flow to my soul innumerable blessings. Expel from my heart all curiosity in diving into the depths of thy divine Providence. May I firmly believe all thou teachest, however incomprehensible the divine truths may be to my poor weak mind. Ah! may I know thee as the God of my heart and my portion for ever. Amen.

TWELFTH DAY.

"And Herod with his army set him at nought, and mocked him."—LUKE xxiii. 11.

REFLECTION—Behold Herod and his court insulting your innocent Jesus, investing him with a white garment, indicating that he was a fool. To many foolish and insolent questions of Herod, Jesus answers not a word. Then the attendants raised a loud cry of accusation against him, and scoff at him, and insult him, and send him back again to Pilate: and on that day Pilate and Herod, who were enemies, became friends. It was easy for our Divine Lord to have replied to Herod's questions, and to have wrought miracles. But no, he says not a word in his own defence, or in vindication of his honour. He willingly submitted to all the confusion arising from his silence. Behold the example before us.

PRAYER—Give me strength and courage, O most amiable Redeemer, to despise the false prudence of the world, and to sacrifice my honour, my goods, and my life, to advance the interests of thy glory. Amen.

THIRTEENTH DAY.

"And he said to them the third time: Why, what evil hath this man done? I find no cause of death in him: I will chastise him therefore, and let him go."—LUKE xxiii. 22.

REFLECTION.—There was a custom at the feast of the Passover, that any prisoner should be set at liberty whom the people might select; Pilate therefore went out to the multitude, and proclaimed aloud his own conviction of the innocence of Jesus, and put to them the question, whether he would release Jesus or Barabbas, who was a murderer, and an associate of murderers? The whole multitude at once proclaim, "Crucify Jesus, and restore to us Barabbas." Again did Pilate repeat the question, and again do the whole multitude cry out that Jesus should be crucified, and Barabbas released.

PRAYER.—O my divine Jesus, impress deeply on my heart what a dreadful evil is mortal sin. By committing it, I have shamefully preferred Barabbas to thee, my God, and my all. O rather let me die than evermore offend thee. Amen.

FOURTEENTH DAY.

"Then therefore Pilate took Jesus and scourged him."—JOHN XIX. 1.

REFLECTION.—Contemplate, my soul, your divine Jesus, stripped of his clothes and tied to a pillar, like an infamous malefactor. Behold his tormentors arranged around him, men familiar with scenes of blood and strangers to pity—they hold in their hands knotted scourges; the signal is given, their arms are lifted high, and, waving round and round their heads, the lashes descend with terrific force on the bare back of the Redeemer. But, before they proceed far, the virginal flesh is covered with long and livid stripes, and these begin to rise and swell, and the blood gushes out and flows on the ground; at last, pieces of the flesh begin to hang down from his sides, and those precious fragments fall upon the ground, and are trampled on by the soldiers.

PRAYER.—O Lord, as it was principally to expiate the sins of the flesh that you passed through this most painful ordeal, infuse, I beseech you, into my soul, the greatest loathing for that dreadful evil—impurity, since you suffered so much to testify your abhorrence of it.

FIFTEENTH DAY.

" *And plating a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand.*
 MATT. xxvii. 29.

REFLECTION.—After Jesus was scourged the soldiers lead him into the common hall, and weave together a large crown of strong sharp thorns, so as to cover the entire of his head and extend to the middle of his forehead. They then place it on, and press it down as far as they could. As the thorns are beaten into the sacred head, they rend and tear the skin, and a copious stream of blood flowing down covers his entire face. Then they put a reed into his hand and clothe him in a scarlet garment, the emblem of royalty, and, gazing on him, they strike him, and spit on him, and bend their knees before him in mockery. Behold your Jesus in this lamentable condition!

PRAYER.—Oh! my divine Jesus, how ought my heart be filled with confusion, grief, and bitterness, when I reflect on the share my sins have had in placing on your adorable head this ignominious crown. With your divine grace, I shall never offend thee more.

SIXTEENTH DAY.

" And he saith to them : Behold the man."—
JOHN xix. 5.

REFLECTION.—Contemplate your Redeemer presented by Pilate to the Jews. The people gazed on him in the appalling state in which he then appeared before them, covered with wounds and blood. They seeing his supreme misery could hardly recognise the object of their hatred. Behold the King of glory, now a worm and no man, despised and insulted. Behold the hearts of the multitude panting for his execution. Behold the man of sorrows, behold thy Lord and thy God, who has reduced himself to this lamentable condition to gain thy heart.

PRAYER.—O my divine Jesus, it was my sins that overwhelmed thee with sadness, loaded thee with reproaches, covered thee with wounds, and oppressed thee with sorrow.—Through that love which induced thee to suffer so much for me, pardon and forgive me. Amen.

SEVENTEENTH DAY.

"Crucify him, crucify him."—JOHN XIX. 6.

REFLECTION.—Could it be believed, had not the inspired Evangelist recorded it, that these were men who, viewing the state of misery to which Jesus was reduced, could cry aloud with a fiendish yell, "Away with him, away with him; crucify him, crucify him; his blood be upon us and our children." Behold, my soul, what an awful change sin makes. Man naturally filled with compassion, who often weeps over fictitious woe, gazes unmoved on such an object as Jesus scourged and crowned with thorns, Jesus weeping and agonizing! Man can spit upon his face, and buffet him, and blaspheme and shout, "Away with him, away with him; crucify him, crucify him." It is sin that thus hardens the heart; what wonder that its expiation should demand such a sacrifice.

PRAYER.—Ah! my divine Jesus, as often as I have committed mortal sin, so often have I joined the ungrateful Jews in calling out to crucify you. But rather let me die than ever more offend thee. Amen.

EIGHTEENTH DAY.

" Pilate saith to them, Take him you and crucify him, for I find no cause in him."—JOHN XIX. 6.

REFLECTION.—Pilate, although he believed and proclaimed Jesus innocent, had not the courage to resist the fierce clamours of the Jews, but delivered him into their hands. Behold your divine Saviour hearing the sentence of death with joy and pleasure, in order that the grand work of Redemption would be consummated. Why do I blame Pilate? Why do I not look to my own heart? How justly ought I bewail my faults all the days of my life, that, by my tears, I might strive to efface the fatal sentence which I have unhappily pronounced against you, my dear Jesus, as often as I have committed mortal sin.

PRAYER.—Give me grace then, from this moment, to die to myself, to prefer your glory to all that this world holds most dear, to be perfectly resigned to your divine will in all things, to love you, and only you, the God of my heart, and my portion for ever. Amen.

NINETEENTH DAY.

"And he released unto them him who for murder and sedition had been cast into prison, whom they had desired; but Jesus he delivered up to their will."—LUKE xxiii. 25.

REFLECTION.—Now they hold him in their hands unawed and unrestrained. He stands in the midst of them as a lamb in the midst of ravenous wolves. He is abandoned to the fury of men without any idea of decency, without feeling or compassion. Their gesture and their looks express the vilest and most unbridled passions. They tear off the purple cloak with which he had been clothed, and fix together a rude cross.

PRAYER.—O my divine Jesus, deliver me, I beseech you, from the fury of my passions, which unless subdued by thy grace would hurry me to eternal ruin; I am fully convinced of my weakness; I know my inability to accomplish the least good without thy all-powerful aid. Ah! support me in my tribulations, comfort me in my afflictions, may I suffer all with perfect resignation. Amen.

TWENTIETH DAY.

"And after they had mocked him, they took off the cloak from him, and put on him his own garments, and led him away to crucify him."—

MATT. XXVII. 31.

REFLECTION.—Contemplate your Jesus casting a glance at the hard wood of the cross, the altar on which he was to be sacrificed. He does not give them time to place it on his shoulder, but feeble and exhausted, takes it up. Ah! the desire with which he panted for our salvation imparted to him a transient vigour, but the heavy wood presses him down. A rope is fastened around his body, with which the soldiers are to drag him along. And now amid the clash of arms, the mournful procession moves along.

PRAYER.—Ah! my divine Jesus, my sins pressed thee to the earth, do thou in mercy cast a glance on my sinful soul, that I may bear all the trials and afflictions of this life with the most perfect submission to thy divine will. Amen.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY.

"And bearing his own cross, he went forth to that place that is called Calvary."—JOHN xix. 17.

REFLECTION.—Contemplate your divine Jesus as he arrives at the foot of Calvary. See him then ascending with his burthen. Alas! the way is rough, steep, and sharp, and his feet are delicate and bare, and the cross, as he drags it after him, unceasingly strikes against the uneven road, and his exhausted frame, unable to keep it from contact with his head, the thorns are thus driven in the deeper. Again, rubbing violently against his shoulder, it sinks into it, his legs tremble, and his back bends at every step, and we can trace him all the way, like a wounded deer, in his own blood.

PRAYER.—Ah! my divine Jesus, grant me the grace to bear with patience whatever crosses you are pleased to send me; for I well know if I expect one day to be a participator in your glory, I must now be the companion of your sufferings and your cross. Amen.

TWENTY-SECOND DAY.

"And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, they crucified him there: and the robbers one on the right hand, and the other on the left."—LUKE xxiii. 33.

REFLECTION.—Behold your Redeemer stripped of his garments. They command him to lie down on the cross, he obeys them. They order him to stretch out one arm, and he does so. They take a large, rough nail and place it on the palm of the hand, and with a heavy hammer begin to drive it in. Oh! the dreadful sound of that hammer, as the nail passes through the fibres, and sinews, and bones of that most delicate hand. After one hand is firmly fixed, the other is violently drawn to the place prepared for it. Then both his feet are nailed.

PRAYER.—With extreme confusion, my dear Jesus, I confess the excess of my weakness and indevotion in your holy service, but do thou give me strength, and draw me by your holy grace, that being so fastened to your sacred cross by divine love, I may never more be separated from it. Amen.

TWENTY-THIRD DAY.

*"And they put over his head his cause written :
 This is Jesus, the king of the Jews."*—**MATT.**
 xxvii. 37.

REFLECTION.—Behold the King of glory nailed to an ignominious gibbet, with a torture in every sense. His touch is tormented by his innumerable wounds; his eyes, wherever they turn, see nothing save the fierce looks of his insulting enemies; his ears ring with yells, execrations and insults; his thirst is quenched with vinegar and gall. Contemplate the king of men and angels, suspended between heaven and earth. Behold that prodigy of mercy whose bosom he unlocks, that prodigy of love, of whose ardent and undying impulse he is now the victim.

PRAYER.—Ah! dear Jesus, let your powerful grace disengage my heart from all creatures, expel from it all earthly affections, that you alone may be its sole king, you its God and its all. Amen.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY.

"And Jesus said: Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."—LUKE xxiii. 34.

REFLECTION.—Still beneath the cross, still contemplate the state of misery to which he is reduced. Let us behold the feelings of love and compassion which pervade his divine heart. His executioners cry out to him. "Vah! thou that destroyest the temple of God, and in three days dost rebuild it: save thy own self; if thou be the son of God, come down from the cross." But he opens his eyes, and casts a last, languid look on all around, the dying look of a father on the children of his heart, and, alas! he sees them laughing at his torments, yet he prays, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

PRAYER.—Ah! my divine Jesus, what sublime doctrine thou dost preach from the cross. Oh! give me the grace, that for the future, I may forgive all mankind, and, following thy example, pray for those who injure me. Amen.

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY.

"Woman, behold thy son."—JOHN xix. 26.

REFLECTION.—What a sword of sorrow must have pierced the heart of Jesus, when he saw at the foot of his cross his most afflicted mother, who tenderly loved him in her womb, nursed him in her bosom, and who suckled him at her breast. He saw her cheeks furrowed with a stream of tears, and her heart rent with the most agonizing grief. Oh! when the look of Mary met the glance of Jesus, what a swell of anguish overwhelmed the hearts of both—of such a mother, such a son.

PRAYER.—O my divine Jesus, comfort me in my affliction, strengthen my weakness, cast a glance of mercy on my sinful soul, as thou didst look with the most filial love on thy immaculate Mother, and grant that, from this moment, dying with you to all earthly things, I may merit the grace of perseverance in thy love and service. Amen.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY.

"Afterwards Jesus, knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the Scripture might be fulfilled, said: I thirst."—JOHN XIX. 28.

REFLECTION.—Contemplate your Jesus suffering from excessive thirst. He makes known his pitiable condition to those for whom he was laying down his life. But behold their commiseration. In his expiring moment, in order to increase his tortures, they present to him vinegar and gall. Contemplating the bitter drink presented to our divine Lord, let us labour by sobriety and mortification to overcome all excess—let us learn to take only what is necessary for our support, and be content even with moderate or mean diet. "Let us hunger after justice," and "labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that which endureth unto life everlasting."—John vi. 27.

PRAYER.—O my God, you thirst for my salvation, but wretch that I am, instead of satisfying your spiritual thirst, I have only presented to you the gall and vinegar of sin and wickedness.

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY.

"And about the ninth hour, Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying: Eli, Eli, lamma sabachthani? that is, My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—MATT. xxvii. 46.

REFLECTION.—Behold the intensity of your Saviour's sufferings—his executioners exhausted their malice, their cruelty is almost satiated—earth and hell can add no longer to his tortures. But the rigour of his Father's justice pursues him by depriving him of his divine consolation, and this plunges him into a new abyss of misery. Our sins alone were the cause of reducing our divine Saviour to this desolate condition; our sins alone wrung from the loving heart of our Redeemer those words of intense sorrow: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

PRAYER.—O my Saviour! imprint deeply on my mind what an evil sin is, since, on its account, your eternal Father forsakes you, his beloved Son, in the midst of all your pains and sorrows.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY.

*"And Jesus crying with a loud voice, said :
Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.
And, saying this, he gave up the ghost."—
LUKE xxiii. 46.*

REFLECTION.—Our divine Jesus, after suffering for three long hours the most excruciating tortures, raises his head with a supernatural effort, and opens his lips to breathe his last prayer of resignation. The rocks split, the veil of the temple is rent asunder, the sun is lost in the heavens, and darkness covers the face of the earth, the moment predestined from eternity has come. Death and hell are vanquished, sin is expiated, heaven is won. Jesus utters with a loud voice that pierces the skies, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." And, bowing down his head, he expired.

PRAYER.—O my dear Jesus, as thou didst not refuse to die for me, give me thy grace, and I shall love thee in life and death, in time and eternity. Amen.

TWENTY-NINTH DAY.

" And all the multitude of them that were come together to that sight, and saw the things that were done, returned striking their breasts."—

LUKE xxiii. 48.

REFLECTION.—What must have been the feelings of the multitude after witnessing the death of Christ? What should be our feelings, for have we not accompanied him through the different stages of his most bitter passion? We have seen the vast variety of the sufferings he endured from his leaving the supper-room until his expiring on the cross. Have we not seen him prostrate in the garden, scourged, denied, abandoned, crowned with thorns, his face covered with spittle, his hands and feet pierced with nails, and, at last, expiring on an ignominious gibbet? What are now our sentiments? Do we retire from the doleful scene striking our breasts, and crying out for mercy and pardon?

PRAYER.—O my good God, may my heart for the future be so taken off from the things of the earth that I may always be able to exclaim, "With Christ I am nailed to the cross." Amen.

THIRTIETH DAY.

"But one of the soldiers with a spear opened his side, and immediately there came out blood and water."—JOHN xix. 34.

REFLECTION.—The cruelty of the executioners is not satisfied with depriving our Lord of life. They pursue him after death—they open his side to take away what little blood remains, and tread it under foot. Behold the open side of your dead Saviour. During the remainder of our lives we should establish our dwelling in the sacred side of our divine Jesus. Through this most precious wound we will seek admittance to his sacred heart; there let us rest all the days of our pilgrimage; there let us live, there let us die.

PRAYER.—O my dear Saviour, may my heart be open to you alone—may it ever burn with your divine love—may it ever pant after the fulfilment of your divine will—may it be closed against the world, the flesh, and the devil. Then will you abide in me, then will you receive from me all you demand, and I shall possess all I desire. Amen.

THIRTY-FIRST DAY.

"And Joseph taking the body, wrapt it up in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new monument."—MATT. xxvii. 59, 60.

REFLECTION.—As Jesus was in life so in death. In life he had no place he could call his own—in death the few feet of earth on which his dead body lay could not be called his. Sin, not content to deprive him of life, numbered him with the dead in the bowels of the earth. Ah, my soul, what idea have you now formed of the infinite malice of sin. The saints were overwhelmed with grief at the recollection of what we consider trivial faults. What ought to be our humiliation when we behold the dreadful enormity of our innumerable offences.

PRAYER.—O my divine Jesus, may I from this moment bury myself with thee, and in thee, by disengaging my heart from the pleasures of this deceitful world. May I ever have thy sacred passion before my eyes—may I always be able to exclaim with thy Apostle, "I am crucified with Jesus Christ; I live, no, not I, but Christ liveth in me." Amen.

Nobena in Honor of Christ Crucified.

Jesus Christ crucified, Son of the most holy Virgin Mary, incline thy sacred head, and listen to my petitions and sighs, as thou didst listen to thy Eternal Father on Mount Thabor.—
Hail Mary, &c.

Jesus Christ crucified, Son of the most holy Virgin Mary, open thy sacred eyes, and look on me, as thou didst look on thy Sacred Mother from the Cross.
Hail Mary, &c.

Jesus Christ crucified, Son of the most holy Virgin Mary, open thy sacred lips, and speak to my afflicted heart, as thou didst speak to St. John, when thou didst recommend him to thy dear Mother. Hail Mary, &c.

Jesus Christ crucified, Son of the most holy Virgin Mary, open thy sacred arms, and receive me, thy poor child, as thou didst embrace the hard wood of the Cross, for the love of me and all sinners. Hail Mary, &c.

Jesus Christ crucified, Son of the most holy Virgin Mary, open thy sacred heart, that seat of love and mercy, and receive mine into it; make it wholly thine; hear my prayers, and grant my petitions. Hail Mary, &c.



AN ACT OF CONTRITION.

My dear Lord Jesus Christ, Redeemer of the world! behold prostrate at your feet a most wretched and ungrateful sinner. Yes, my God, I have offended you most grievously in thoughts, words, and deeds. My heinous crimes fixed to you the bloody cross. To rescue me from eternal damnation, you agonized three hours on Mount Calvary. But, oh! how much am I now displeased with myself! How much do I grieve for having offended you, a God of infinite goodness, of infinite charity! I stand astonished and confounded at your incomprehensible patience in supporting such a provoking wretch. From the bottom of my heart I detest my sins; and because I now love you, and will love you above all things, I steadfastly propose, by your holy grace, never more to offend you, but rather to die a thousand deaths than commit one mortal sin. Amen.

A PRAYER.

WHEREIN WE OFFER TO THE ETERNAL FATHER
THE PASSION OF HIS SON.

Behold, O holy Father! thy dearly beloved Son, so cruelly tormented for my sake. Behold, most merciful King! who it is that suffers. Is it not, O Lord! thy most innocent Son whom thou hast delivered unto death, that he might redeem thy servants? Is it not the Author of Life who is led as a sheep to the slaughter, and is made obedient unto death, even the death of the cross? He prays for us, he weeps for us, his soul is sorrowful even to death for us; he is in a most grievous agony and incomprehensible desolation for us; finally, he dies for us. Receive, O Father of Mercy, this his divine sacrifice: he is our pledge, our ransom, our Mediator; he is the immaculate Lamb of God, that takes away the sins of the world; it is his sacred blood that we offer you, and which he shed for us. Bestow upon us, then, O eternal Father! your grace for his sake, and through his death give us eternal life. Amen.

A PRAYER

RECOMMENDED TO BE SAID DAILY
BY THOSE WHO WEAR
THE SCAPULAR OF THE PASSION.

O my divine Jesus! with feelings of the most intense sorrow for my past sins, I this day appear before thee. When I view my innumerable offences I almost despond; but when I cast an eye on the extent of thy sufferings, a ray of hope beams on my affrighted soul. Thou didst proclaim thy anxiety for my salvation by shedding the last drop of thy most precious blood. O then look on me with mercy, hide me within thy wounds, defend me from all my enemies. Give me, I beseech thee, all the graces necessary for my salvation. Ah! do keep ever before my mind the terrific scenes of thy most bitter Passion. And do thou, immaculate Mother of my crucified Lord, obtain that after daily meditating on his sufferings, his excruciating tortures, and his ignominious death, I may merit to behold Him crowned with celestial glory for an endless eternity. Amen.

**A PRAYER BEFORE THE CRUCIFIX,
OR PICTURE OF JESUS CHRIST CRUCIFIED.**

Clement VIII. and Benedict XIV. have granted a Plenary Indulgence to those who recite the following Prayer before any image of Christ crucified, provided they confess and communicate with the proper dispositions. The Indulgence is confirmed by Pope Pius VII., by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgence, dated 10th of April, 1821, and is applicable, by way of suffrage, to the suffering souls in Purgatory.—*Vide Decree of Leo XII., 17th September, 1825.*

“Behold me, O good and amiable Jesus! prostrate in thy divine presence and beseeching thee, with all the ardour of my soul, to impress upon my heart lively sentiments of faith, hope, and charity, and of repentance for my sins, and a most determined resolution of never offending thee again; whilst, with all the affection of my heart, and with the most sincere sorrow I consider and contemplate thy five wounds, meditating chiefly on the words of the Royal Prophet concerning thee, O my Jesus! “They have dug my hands and feet; they have numbered all my bones.”

N.B.—This Indulgence can be gained every day by weekly penitents provided they communicate.—*Vide Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, December 9, 1763.*

To the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

O most amiable and adorable Heart of Jesus, centre of all hearts, glowing with charity and inflamed with zeal, for the interest of Thy Father, and the salvation of mankind. O heart, ever sensible of our misery, and ever ready to redress our evils; the real victim of love in the holy Eucharist, and a propitiatory sacrifice for sin on the altar of the cross. Seeing that the generality of Christians make no other return for Thy mercies, than contempt for Thy favours, forgetfulness of their own obligation, and ingratitude to the best of benefactors; it is just, that we Thy servants, penetrated with the deepest sense of the indignities offered to Thee, should as far as in our power, make a due and satisfactory reparation of honour to Thy most sacred Majesty. Prostrate, therefore, in body, and with humble and contrite hearts, we solemnly declare before heaven and earth, our utter detestation and abhorrence of such conduct. Inexpressible was the bitterness which our manifold sins brought on Thy tender heart: insufferable the weight of our iniquities, which pressed Thy face to the earth, in the garden of Olives; and inconceivable Thy anguish, when, expiring with love, grief, and agony on Mount Calvary, Thou didst by Thy last breath, pray for sinners, and invite them to their duty and repentance. This we know, divine Redeemer, and would willingly redress Thy sufferings, by patiently enduring our slight crosses and afflictions, and thus partake of Thy bitter passion.

O merciful Jesus! ever present on our altars, and with a heart open to receive all who labour, and are burthened. O adorable heart of Jesus! source of true contrition, give to our hearts the spirit of sincere penance; to our eyes a fountain of tears, that we may bewail all our sins and the sins of the world. Pardon, O divine Jesus, all the injuries and outrages done to Thee by sinners; forgive all the impieties, irreverences, and sacrileges which have been committed against Thee, in the holy Sacrament of the Eucharist since its first institution.

Graciously receive the small tribute of our sincere repentance, as an agreeable offering in Thy sight, and in return for the benefits we daily receive from the altar, where Thou art a living and continued sacrifice, and in union of that holocaust Thou didst present to Thy eternal Father on the cross.

Sweet Jesus! give Thy blessing to the ardent desire we now feel and the holy resolution we have taken, of ever loving and adoring Thee with our whole mind and with our whole hearts, in the sacrament of Thy love: thus to repair, by a true contrition of heart, and ardent zeal for thy glory, our past negligences and infidelities. Be Thou, O adorable Heart, who knowest the clay of which we are formed, be Thou our Mediator with Thy heavenly Father, whom we have so grievously offended: strengthen our weaknesses, confirm our resolutions, and with thy charity, meekness, and patience, cancel the multitude of our iniquities. Be Thou our support, our refuge, and our strength, that nothing may henceforth in life or death separate us from Thee. Amen.

LITANY

OF THE

PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Lord have mercy on us; Christ have mercy on us; Lord have mercy on us.

Christ hear us, Christ graciously hear us.

God the Father of heaven, have mercy on us.

God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us.

God the Holy Ghost, have mercy on us.

Holy Trinity, one God, have mercy on us.

Jesus, king of meekness, who didst enter Jerusalem in triumph, to go and suffer for us sinners,

Jesus, sold for thirty pieces of silver,

Jesus, who didst humbly stoop to wash thy disciples' feet,

Jesus, who, at the last supper didst give us Thy body and blood to be the spiritual food and nourishment of our souls,

Jesus, who, after Thy last supper with Thy disciples, didst go forth with great zeal and courage to suffer death for us,

Jesus, prostrate in prayer in the garden of olives,

Jesus, sad and sorrowful, even unto death,

Jesus, who in Thy agony wast covered with a bloody sweat.

Jesus, who didst condescend to be comforted by an angel,

Jesus, basely betrayed by Judas with a kiss,

Jesus, apprehended and bound by the Jews, like a criminal,

Jesus, abandoned by all Thy disciples.

Have mercy on us.

Jesus, carried before Annas and Caiphas,
and falsely accused,

Jesus, thrice denied by Peter, the first
of Thy apostles, whom Thou hadst chosen
to be the visible head of Thy Church,

Jesus, ignominiously stricken by a ser-
vant of the high priest,

Jesus, accused by false witnesses,

Jesus, despised and mocked by Herod

Jesus, clothed in a white garment, and
despised as a fool,

Jesus, tied to a pillar, and most cruelly
scourged,

Jesus covered with blood and wounds
by the scourging of Thy sacred body,

Jesus, clothed in purple, by way of
mockery,

Jesus, crowned with sharp thorns, which
pierced Thy sacred head.

Jesus, whose face was defiled with
phlegm,

Jesus, blindfolded, and mocked by the
soldiers,

Jesus, buffeted and scornfully abused by
the Jews,

Jesus, presented to the people in the
most pitiable state,

Jesus, esteemed worse than Barabbas the
murderer,

Jesus, torn and bruised all over Thy
body,

Jesus demanded by the Jews to be cru-
cified,

Jesus, acknowledged to be innocent by
the judge, and yet treated by him as a
criminal,

Have mercy on us.

Jesus, condemned to an infamous death
by Pontius Pilate the judge,

Jesus, abandoned to the hatred and cruelty
of the Jews,

Jesus, laden with a heavy cross,

Jesus, fainting in the way, unable to
bear the weight of Thy cross,

Jesus, led to death, like an innocent lamb
to the slaughter,

Jesus, stript of Thy clothes, when arrived
at Mount Calvary,

Jesus, inhumanly nailed to the hard
wood of the cross,

Jesus, covered with wounds for our iniquities,

Jesus, elevated on the cross, and raised
up in the air, with a shock which occasioned
incredible pain,

Jesus, full of goodness, who didst compassionately
pray for Thy enemies,

Jesus, numbered with the wicked, and
crucified between two thieves,

Jesus, treated as the outcast and reproach
of men,

Jesus, exposed to insults and execrations,

Jesus, derided by the Jews,

Jesus, who didst patiently submit to the
scoffs and insolence of the soldiers,

Jesus, reproached by one of the thieves
that was crucified with Thee,

Jesus, scorned, despised, and without
honour in the sight of men,

Jesus, most merciful, who didst promise
Paradise to the good thief, the moment he
believed in Thee and repented of his
crimes.

Have mercy on us.

Jesus, who, in Thy extreme thirst, hadst
only vinegar and gall to drink.

Jesus, abandoned by Thy Father, and
deprived of consolation,

Jesus, who, from a motive of filial ten-
derness, didst commend Thy dear Mother
to the care of St. John.

Jesus, who didst declare that all was
fulfilled that had been written concerning
Thee,

Jesus, who didst commend Thy spirit
into the hands of Thy Father.

Jesus, dying and expiring in the arms
of the cross,

*(Pause here for a moment, and annihilate
yourself before a God who dies for you.)*

Jesus, obedient unto death, even the
death of the cross,

Jesus, whose side, after death, was
pierced with a lance,

Jesus, from whose side issued water and
blood,

Jesus, by whose blood and stripes we
have all been healed,

Jesus, taken down from the cross.

Jesus, wrapt in fine linen,

Jesus, buried in a new sepulchre,

Jesus, who after death didst descend
into limbo, to free the holy Fathers that
were there.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of
the world, Spare us! O Lord.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of
the world, Hear us! O Lord.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of
the world, Have mercy on us.

Have mercy on us.

Jesus hear us. Jesus graciously hear us.

V. Our Lord Jesus Christ humbled himself.

R. Being made obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Let us pray.

O Lamb without spot! O most holy victim! whose blood hath cancelled the sins of the world! blot out mine, I beseech Thee, and never permit me to lose the benefit of Thy sufferings. Amen.

O Jesus, abandoned and forsaken by every body: Jesus, sad and sorrowful: Jesus, patient and resigned to death, help me to bear with equal resignation all the afflictions Thou art pleased to send me in this life. Amen.

O Jesus, calumniated, despised, and outrageously insulted! teach me to despise the vain judgments of men, and patiently to suffer the blackest calumnies. Amen.

O Jesus, torn with stripes, pierced with thorns, and covered with blood for love of me! teach me to endure, for Thy love, the pains and inconveniences of sickness and ill health. Amen.

O Jesus, delivered up to the executioners, and condemned to the ignominious death of the cross! enable me to fly all vain-glory, and to love the most humble situations. Amen.

O Jesus, bending beneath the heavy load of the cross! unite my cross to Thine, and enable me to bear it with the like resignation and meekness. Amen.

O Jesus, elevated on the cross for my sake! raise up my affections to heavenly desires, and let me no longer live but for thee, that being crucified with thee, I may be wholly occupied in loving and pleasing Thee alone. Amen.

LITANY OF THE HOLY CROSS.

Lord have mercy on us,
Christ, have mercy on us,
Lord, have mercy on us,
Christ, hear us,
Christ, graciously hear us,
God the Father of Heaven,
God the Son, Redeemer of the world,
God the Holy Ghost,
Holy Trinity, one God,

Have mercy
on us.

O Cross of Jesus,

Adorable Cross of Jesus,
Inseparable companion of our Saviour,
Treasury of all the gifts of the Holy
Ghost,
Crown of the Virgin Mary,
Tree of life, giving immortality to those
who feed upon thy fruit,
Ark of Noah, supporting above the
waves and troubles of this life all
those who repose in thee,
Ark of the Covenant, guided by which
we journey on through the desert of
this life, conquer our enemies, and
gain the promised land,
Rod of Moses, destroying all the wiles
and illusions of the enemy,
Brazen Serpent, lifted up in the wilder-
ness of this world for the healing of
souls,
Hidden Manna, filling with ineffable
sweetness those who love thee,
Ladder of Jacob, uniting Heaven and
earth,

Help us.

O Cross of Jesus,

Staff of Eliseus, whose touch alone re-
 calls to life,
 Altar of the most sacred Holocaust,
 Altar which sanctifiest all gifts offered
 on thee,
 Wine-press of Divine Charity,
 Fiery Chariot taking up to Heaven all
 those who trust in thee,
 Abridgment of the Gospel,
 Standard of Divine love, drawing all
 to thee,
 Furnace, in which is tried the gold
 destined to adorn the heavenly Je-
 rusalem,
 Shelter against storms,
 Passport to Heaven,
 Consolation of our exile,
 Mirror reflecting the Divine Love,
 Bed of repose to the Spouse of the
 Canticles,
 Triumph of Charity,
 School of Humility,
 Glory of Christians,
 Sole Hope of Sinners,
 Guardian of Virgins,
 Treasure of all the Saints,
 Abyss of Miracles,

Help us.

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the
 world : *Spare us, O Lord.*

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the
 world : *Hear us, O Lord.*

Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the
 world : *Have mercy on us.*

O Cross loose the body of my Saviour, and
 receive mine into thy arms! O Crown of

Thorns, accept me, that I may feel those sharp
 thorns which wounded the head of my King !
 O Nails, come forth from the hands and feet of
 my God, and transpierce mine in His place. And
 thou, O cruel lance, which transfix'd His heart,
 come pierce mine with compunction, and con-
 sume it with the fire of love !

Stanzas on the Cross.

As when on the ivory tablet we view
 The features of father or friend ;
 The bosom heaves high, and, like evening dew,
 Soft tears on the tablet descend.

Even so, when thy Cross, O Saviour ! I see,
 And thy head thus drooping in pain,
 The sigh of my heart shall whisper to Thee,
 " Thou shalt not thus love me in vain."

Oft shall my tears, as in silence they steal
 On Thy wounds thus bleeding for me,
 The sigh, the resolve of my heart reveal,
 To cling—aye for ever—to Thee.

We call Thee Father, but Thou art far more,
 Far dearer than father or friend ;
 Oh, teach, then, Thy child to love and adore
 Thee, Father Redeemer, and End !



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